

My Blue Heaven

F: So we open up the truck.....

MD: May I help you sir?

M: I'm looking for somebody. Freddie!

F: So Eddie make me the drink you made the night Mary was shot. I think it was a bloody mary.

M: Pssst. Freddie.

Silence in room.

M: Come here.

F: It's Louie. Louie Vinchenzie from San Francisco. What are you doing here? Man's so fast he doesn't wear pants. It slows him down. How was she?

M: Gimme the suit right now. I can't you did this to me. \$1200 suit on my credit card.

F: Wanna have a good time or do you wanna sit in a motel and look at greeny

M: 18%. 18% on my credit card. I can't even believe it. That's great. I'll be paying it off for the rest of my life and unlike you, I intend to pay it off.

F: Champagne for everybody. What a fantastic guy.

M: Pants. I coulda bought a VCR. I coulda bought a new car.

F: Don't get him mad.

M: I coulda bought a television. I can't believe you did this to me. (grab Nick as he's walking away or still paying attention to his boys). I mean all right, let's go. Right now. I don't have time for this. Back to the motel.

F: Hello? I wanna show you something. See those guys?

M: Yes I do.

F: If they find out you're FBI, we have a problem. So what'll it be, the motel and TV or drinking and girls?